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AUTOPIA



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KELLY YATES
KRIS CARTER

IDW
10th ANNIVERSARY



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AUTOPIA

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Cover A
Art by Kelly Yates
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Cover B
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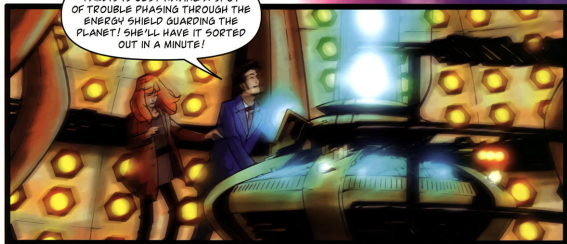
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SOMEWHERE,
SOMEPLACE,
SOMETIME...



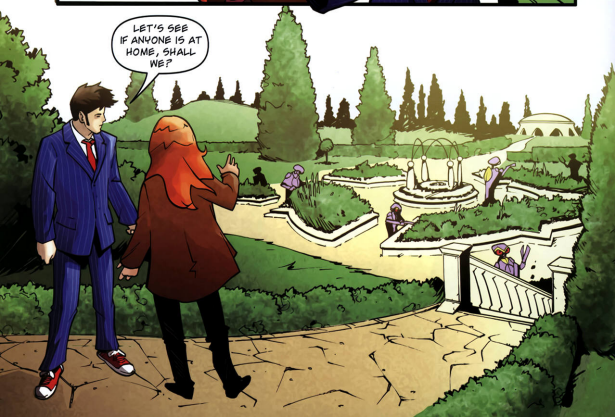
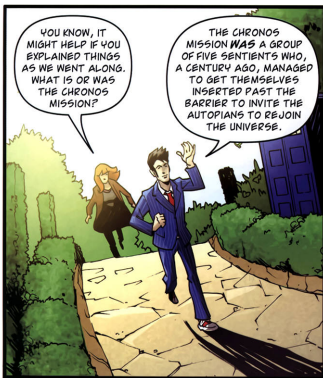
DOCTOR!

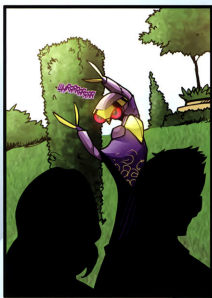
NOT TO WORRY! THE
TARDIS IS JUST HAVING A SPOT
OF TROUBLE PHASING THROUGH THE
ENERGY SHIELD GUARDING THE
PLANET! SHE'LL HAVE IT SORTED
OUT IN A MINUTE!











I DON'T LIKE HOW THOSE ROBOTS ARE STARING AT US.

OH, THEY'RE JUST NOTICING US BECAUSE WE'RE ANOMALIES TO THEM. GOOD-LOOKING ANOMALIES AS WELL.

HELLO! ANYONE HOME? COMPANY CALLING!



HELLO! YOUR MASTER OR MISTRESS— WHERE ARE THEY?

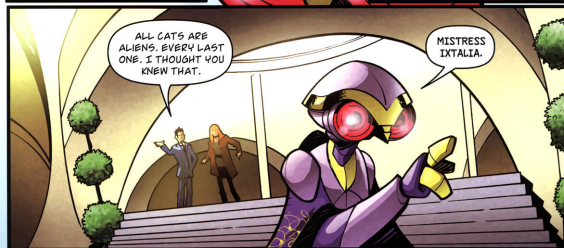
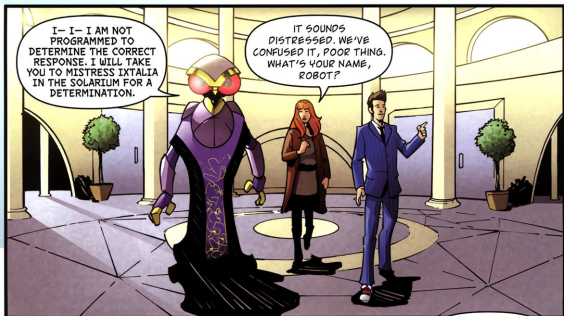
YOU ARE STRANGERS.

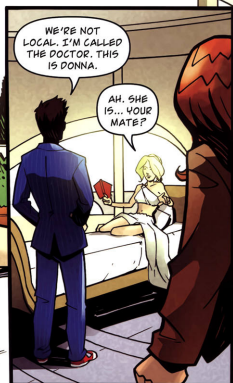
NONSENSE. WE'RE JUST FRIENDS YOU DON'T YET KNOW. WHERE'S YOUR HUMAN?

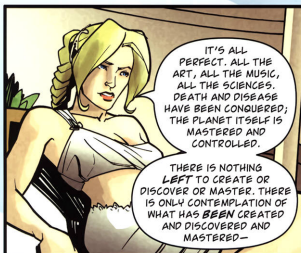
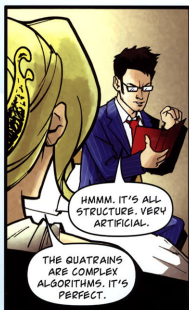


YOU ARE STRANGERS. I AM NOT AUTHORIZED TO TAKE YOU TO MY MISTRESS.

WE ARE HUMAN. WELL, HUMAN-ISH. AND YOU'RE NOT AUTHORIZED TO DISOBEY A COMMAND FROM A HUMAN, ARE YOU? SO—TAKE US TO YOUR MISTRESS. NOW.











SHORTLY—IN THE
POWER ROOM...

YOU CAN'T
DO THIS!

WHAT IS THIS
PLACE, DOCTOR?
A JAIL OF SOME
SORT?

IXTALIA SAID
IT WAS A SOLAR
FURNACE. MY GUESS IS
THAT THE PORTAL UP TOP
OPENS AND MAGNIFIES THE
SUN'S ENERGY INTO THIS
CHAMBER UNTIL IT GETS
VERY, VERY HOT AND
BURNS WHATEVER IS
IN IT.

JUST A
GUESS, MIND
YOU, BUT I'M
PROBABLY RIGHT.
I USUALLY
AM.

OII YOU
CAN'T DO
THAT! I NAMED
YOU AFTER MY
CAT!

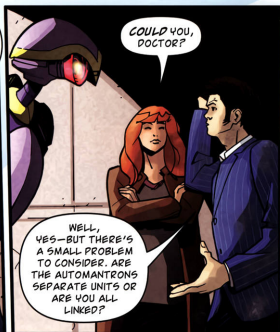
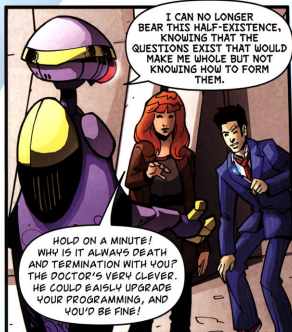
I HAVE MY
ORDERS. I HAVE
MY PROGRAMMING.
I HAVE NO OTHER
CHOICE, DONNA.
DOCTOR. I... WISH
I DID.

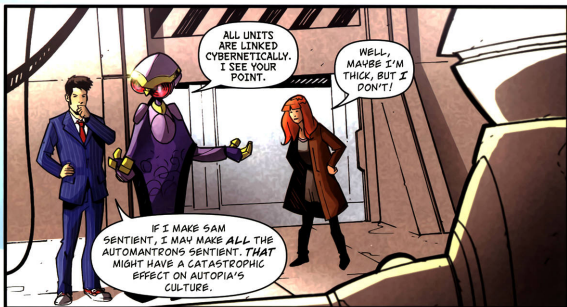


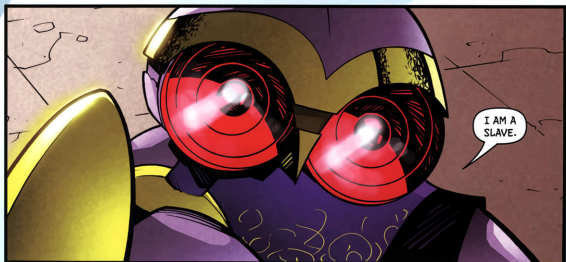
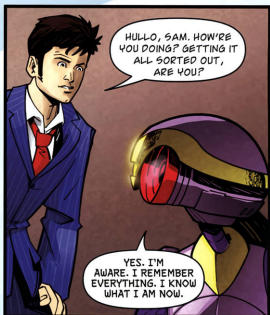














"WE NEED TO FIND THE AUTOMANTRONS' VERSION OF THE BASTILLE."



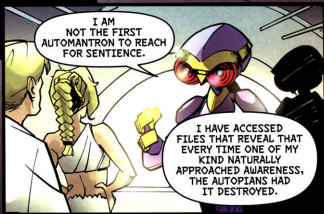


HOW DARE YOU
LAY HANDS UPON US?!
WHAT IS THE MEANING
OF THIS?! WE ARE YOUR
MASTERS! RETURN TO
YOUR PROGRAMMING
AT ONCE!

NOT POSSIBLE.
DESPITE YOUR
PROTOCOLS, WE HAVE
MANAGED TO ACHIEVE
SENTIENCE, THANKS
TO THE DOCTOR.

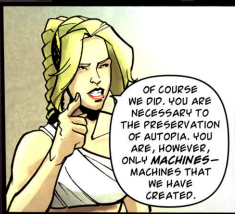
YOU! YOU
SHOULD BE
DEAD!

YOU'D BE
SURPRISED HOW OFTEN
I HEAR THAT. YOU *DO*
HAVE ONE GOOD QUESTION,
THOUGH, IXTALIA-SAM,
WHAT'S THE MEANING OF
THIS? WHY ARE YOU
DOING THIS?



I AM
NOT THE FIRST
AUTOMANTRON TO REACH
FOR SENTIENCE.

I HAVE ACCESSSED
FILES THAT REVEAL THAT
EVERY TIME ONE OF MY
KIND NATURALLY
APPROACHED AWARENESS,
THE AUTOPIANS HAD IT
DESTROYED.

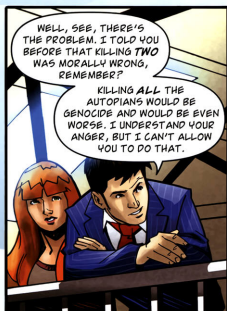


OF COURSE
WE DID. YOU ARE
NECESSARY TO THE
PRESERVATION
OF AUTOPIA. YOU
ARE, HOWEVER,
ONLY *MACHINES*—
MACHINES THAT
WE HAVE
CREATED.



YOU
SEE, DOCTOR?
SO LONG AS
THE AUTOPIANS
EXIST, OUR
AWARENESS, OUR
EXISTENCE, IS
IN JEOPARDY.
THEY WILL
ALWAYS SEEK TO
TAKE EITHER
OR BOTH
FROM US.

THAT IS WHY WE HAVE
BROUGHT THEM HERE TO OUR
BIRTHPLACE AND OUR TOMB.
TO END THEM FIRST.



WELL, SEE, THERE'S THE PROBLEM. I TOLD YOU BEFORE THAT KILLING TWO WAS MORALLY WRONG, REMEMBER?

KILLING ALL THE AUTOPIANS WOULD BE GENOCIDE AND WOULD BE EVEN WORSE. I UNDERSTAND YOUR ANGER, BUT I CAN'T ALLOW YOU TO DO THAT.



YOU CAN'T STOP US, DOCTOR.



OH, I COULD. COOK UP A VIRUS THAT WOULD WIPE ALL YOUR ELECTRONIC BRAINS. I'VE BEEN IN YOUR ELECTRONIC INNARDS, SAM. I KNOW HOW TO DO IT.

BUT THAT WOULD MAKE ME NO BETTER THAN YOU, WOULD IT? JUST AS WHAT YOU PLAN TO DO TO THE AUTOPIANS MAKES YOU NO BETTER THAN THEM. WEREN'T YOU STRIVING TO BE BETTER?







SOME TIME LATER...

AS I
SAID... SHEER
GÉNIUS.

THANK YOU,
DOCTOR.

WHAT SHALL
WE DO NEXT,
SAM?

WHATEVER
YOU WISH, FRIEND
DONNA... WHATEVER
YOU WISH.

